

# O God Beyond the Evening Hills

Jessie Anne Lee, 2012

Henry Hiles, 1867

♩=110

1. O God be - yond the ev - ening hills That stretch on toward the sky, Thou  
2. O Art - ist, paint each day a - new A mas - ter - piece of love, So

paint - est out the lakes and rills With pur - est paint and dye. Thou writ - est out Thy  
broad, so bright with morn - ing dew, And set with peace a - bove. More - o'er, paint all our

wond - rous love As flow'rs un - fold at morn, And fold the clouds in  
hearts a - glow With Thy res - plen - dent joy, So that the whole world

bliss a - bove When close the flow - ering thorn.  
sure - ly knows Thy peace none can des - troy.